THE
PADLOCK:
A
COMIC OPERA:

As it is Perform'd by

HIS MAJESTY's SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON.

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TO THE

KING of DENMARK.

SIR,

I HAVE read of an Indian who ſent a feather to ſome great Prince, and thought he conferred a valuable favour--- I am not ſo ignorant as the Indian, for I am ſenſible that what I here preſent to Your MAJESTY, is a feather merely.

However, there is this to plead in my excuſe, that I have not ventured to approach You with the following trifle, till the approbation of the public had rendered my vanity or ambition, which ever it may be termed, in ſome degree leſs extravagant.

It is my lot to produce the only new dramatic performance, while this kingdom is honoured with Your MAJESTY'S preſence. I lay it at Your feet, as a mark of homage from the Engliſh Stage. Thus my good fortune gives me an advantage over better writers; and the extraordinary diſtinctions with which You have

have thought proper to honour the gentleman preſiding over the theatre where it appears, may, perhaps, give that an air of gratitude, which would otherwiſe look too like preſumption.

While Your MAJESTY's princely qualities fill a nation with Your praiſe, the echo of my feeble voice would be loſt amidſt the acclamations of a whole people. I ſhall not, therefore, attempt your panegeric; the ſubject, indeed, is above my reach. To implore protection for this little piece is my buſineſs; and, though I am conſcious how unworthy it is of Your royal acceptance,

ance, permit me to hope that You will graciouſly pardon the intemperate zeal, which has made me preſume to offer it.

Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes; et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo; rebuſque veni non aſper egenis.

I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

With profound reſpect,

SIR,

Your MAJESTY'S

Moſt devoted,

Moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

SHOULD any one be curious about the origin of this petty Drama, they will find the ſtory on which it is founded, among the twelve Exemplary Novels written by the celebrated Author of Don Quixote, under the title of the Jealous Huſband. Some little variation has been neceſſary in the ground-work, in order to render it dramatic; but the characters are untouched from the inimitable pencil of the firſt deſigner; unleſs the dialogue with which the Engliſh writer ſupplies them, has done them an injury. The chief addition to the fable, is the circumſtance of the padlock; and the four laſt lines of the opera ſufficiently mark the place from whence that is taken.

In this place, however, I think I am bound to return thanks to Mr. Vernon, Mr. Banniſter, and the reſt of the performers, who have done me ſo much juſtice. To ſay that Mrs. Arne is our beſt Engliſh ſinger, would be to circumſcribe the idea I wiſh to give of her merit: the ſweetneſs, fullneſs, and facility of her voice, has, no doubt, never been equalled on the Engliſh ſtage; and it is rendered ſtill more engaging by the charms of her unaffected and agreeable manner: but the continual applauſe ſhe meets with, makes any compliment I can pay her, unneceſſary.

The muſic of this piece being extremely admired by perſons of the firſt taſte and diſtinction, it would be injuſtice to the extraordinary talents of the young man who aſſiſted me in it, was I not to declare, that it is, under my direction, the entire compoſition of Mr. Dibdin; whoſe admirable performance in the character of Mungo, does ſo much credit to himſelf and me; as well as to the gentleman, whoſe penetration could diſtinguiſh neglected genius, and who has taken pleaſure in producing it to the public.

PERSONS.

Don Diego,	Mr. Bannister.
Leander,	Mr. Vernon.
Leonora,	Mrs. Arne.
Mungo,	Mr. Dibden.
Urſula,	Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE, SALAMANCA.

THE PADLOCK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to DON DIEGO's *Houſe.* DON DIEGO *enters muſing, followed by* URSUSA.

THOUGHTS to council——let me ſee——
Hum——to be, or not to be,
A huſband, is the queſtion.
A cuckold! muſt that follow?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill,
Bitter to ſwallow,
And hard of digeſtion.

But fear makes the danger ſeem double,
Say, Hymen, what miſchief can trouble
My peace, ſhould I venture to try you?
My door's ſhall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd;
No male in my houſe,
Not ſo much as a mouſe;
Then horns, horns, I defy you.

Dieg. Urſula!
Urſ. Here, an't pleaſe your worſhip.
Dieg. Where is Leonora?
Urſ. In her chamber, Sir.
Dieg. There is the key of it; there the key of the beſt hall; there the key of the door upon the firſt flight of ſtairs; there the key of the door upon the ſecond; this double locks the hatch below; and this the door that opens into the entry.

Urſ. I am acquainted with every ward of them.

Dieg. You know, Urſula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, ſhe was to live in the houſe with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thouſand piſtoles, either to return her to them ſpotleſs, with half that ſum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

Urſ. And, I warrant you, they came ſecretly to enquire of me whether they might venture to truſt your worſhip. Lord! ſaid I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never ſaw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever did; and to let your worſhip know if I had, you would have miſtaken your perſon; for I bleſs Heaven, tho' I am poor, I'm honeſt, and would not live with any man alive that ſhould want to handle me unlawfully.

Dieg. Urſula, I do believe it; and, you are particularly happy, that both your age and your perſon exempt you from any ſuch temptation. But, be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after ſome little difficulty, conſented to comply with my propoſal; and, being fully ſatisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am reſolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow.

Urſ. Heaven bleſs you together.

Dieg. During the time ſhe has lived with me, ſhe has never been a moment out of my ſight: and now, tell me, Urſula, what have you obſerv'd in her.

Urſ. All meekneſs and gentleneſs, your worſhip; and yet, I warrant you, ſhrewd and ſenſible; egad, when ſhe pleaſes, ſhe can be as ſharp as a needle.

Dieg. You have not been able to diſcover any particular attachments?

Urſ. Why, Sir, of late I have obſerved———

Dieg. Eh! how! what?

Urſ. That ſhe has taken greatly to the young kitten.

Dieg. O! is that all?

Urſ.

Urſ. Ay, by my faith, I don't think ſhe is fond of any thing elſe.

Dieg. Of me, Urſula.

Urſ. Ay, ay, of the kitten, and your worſhip, and her birds, and going to maſs. I have taken notice of late, that ſhe is mighty fond of going to maſs, as your worſhip lets her early of a morning.

Dieg. Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my reſolution; I will not take her with me, becauſe, having been uſed to confinement, and it being the life I am determined ſhe ſhall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I ſhall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the mean time, Urſula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urſ. I will, indeed, your worſhip; nay if there is a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden——

Dieg. Go, and ſend Leonora to me.

Urſ. I know the world, Sir, tho' I ſay't:
I'm cautious and wiſe,
And they who ſurprize
My prudence nodding,
Muſt ſit up late.

Never fear, Sir,
Your ſafety's here, Sir.
Yes, yes,
I'll anſwer for Miſs:
Let me alone,
I warrant my care,
Shall weigh to a hair,
As much as your own.

SCENE II.

DON DIEGO, *and afterwards* LEONORA *with a Bird on her Finger which ſhe holds in the other Hand by a String.*

Dieg. I dreamt laſt night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road by a drove of oxen——Oxen——I don't like oxen; I wiſh it had been a flock of ſheep.

Leon. Say, little, fooliſh, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! wither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and ſing,
Your miſtreſs to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin you ſhall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half ſo happy as with me?

Dieg. Leonora.

Leon. Here I am.

Dieg. Look me in the face, and liſten to me attentively.

Leon. There.

Dieg. I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I ſuppoſe you are not ignorant of the cauſe of my journey? Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you, and my father and mother, pleaſe.

Dieg. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Y—es.

Dieg. What do you ſigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Dieg. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little houſe, ill ſituated, and worſe furniſhed; you had no ſervants, and were obliged with your mother, to do the work yourſelf.

Leon.

Leon. Yes, but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a walking in the fields.

Dieg. Perhaps you diſlike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't I am ſure.

Dieg. I ſay, then, I took you from that mean habitation, and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden; where, ſo far from being a ſlave, you are abſolute miſtreſs; and inſtead of wearing a mean ſtuff gown, look at yourſelf I beſeech you, the dreſs you have on is fit for a princeſs.

Leon. It's very fine indeed.

Dieg. Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated ſince you have been my companion; aſk yourſelf again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the ſpecimen you have had.

Leon. Specimen!

Dieg. Ay, according to the manner I have treated you——according———

Leon. I'll do whatever you pleaſe.

Dieg. Then, my dear, give me a kiſs.

Leon. Good b'ye to you.

Dieg. Here, Urſula.

By ſome I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old;
But I will not believe what they ſay:
I feel my blood mounting,
Like ſtreams in a fountain,
That merrily ſparkle and play.

For love I have will
And ability ſtill;
Odſbobs, I can ſcarcely refrain!
My diamond, my pearl——
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

SCENE III.

LEONORA.

Heigho!—I think I am ſick.—He's very good to me to be ſure, and it's my duty to love him, becauſe we ought not to be ungrateful; but I wiſh I was not to marry him for all that, tho' I'm afraid to tell him ſo. Fine feathers, they ſay make fine birds; but, I am ſure they don't make happy ones; a ſparrow is happier in the fields than a gold-finch in a cage. There is ſomething makes me mighty uneaſy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never ſaw any think look ſo ugly in my life——O dear now, why I did forget to aſk leave to go to maſs to-morrow? I ſuppoſe, becauſe he's abroad, Urſula won't take me——I wiſh I had aſked leave to go to maſs.

Was I a ſhepherd's maid to keep
On yonder plains a flock of ſheep,
Well pleaſed I'd watch the live long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or wou'd ſome bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and ſcold,
My guardian ſtrive my will to hold:
Their words are harſh, his walls are high,
But ſpite of all away I'd fly.

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street in Salamanca. LEANDER *enters with two Scholars; all in their Univerſity Gowns.*

Leand. His name is Don Diego; there's his houſe, like another monaſtery, or rather priſon; his ſervants are an ancient duenna, and a Negro ſlave——

1ſt. Schol. And after having lived fifty years a batchelor, this old fellow has pick'd up a young thing of ſixteen, whom he by chance ſaw in a balcony!

Leand. Yes; her parents are decay'd gentry, that live about a mile or two from Salamanca here; and he has made the moſt ridiculous agreement with them.

2d. Schol. And you are in love with the girl?

Leand. To deſperation; and I believe I am not indifferent to her; for finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myſelf as near her as I could; I then varied my appearance, continuing to do ſo from time to time, till I was convinced ſhe had ſufficiently remarked and underſtood my meaning.

1ſt. Schol. Well, Leander, I'll ſay that for you, there is not a more induſtrious lad in the univerſity of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferrited.

2d Schol. But pr'ythee, tell us now, how did you get information.

Leand. Firſt, from report, which raiſed my curioſity; and afterwards from the Negro I juſt now mentioned: I obſerved that when the family was gone to bed, he often came to air himſelf at yonder grate; you know I am no bad chanter, nor a very ſcurvy minſtrel; ſo taking a guitar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a ſwathe upon one of my legs, I ſoon ſcraped acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my ſongs and ſarabands, and taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with a ſhare of his allowance; which I accept to avoid ſuſpicion.

1ſt Schol. And ſo——

Leand. And ſo, Sir, he has told me all the ſecrets of his family; and one worth knowing; for he informed me laſt night, that his maſter will this evening take a ſhort journey into the country, from whence he propoſes not to return till to-morrow, leaving his young wife that is to be, behind him.

2d Schol. Zounds! let's ſcale the wall.

Leand. Fair and ſoftly; I will this inſtant go and put on my diguiſe, watch for the Don's going out, attack my Negro afreſh, and try if, by his means, I cannot come into the houſe, or, at leaſt, get a ſight of my charming angel.

1ſt. Schol. Angel! is ſhe then ſo handſome?

Leand. It is time for us to withdraw: come to my chambers, and there you ſhall know all you can deſire.

Hither, Venus, with your doves,
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me light your wings diſplay,
And bear a lover on his way.

Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myſelf to ſhow'ry gold;
Or in a ſwan my paſſion ſhroud,
Or wrap it an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars ſhould then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the Outside of DON DIEGO'S *House, which appears with Windows bar'd up, and an Iron Grate before an Entry.* DON DIEGO *enters from the House, having first unlocked the Door, and remov'd two or three Bars which assisted in fastening it.*

With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time; Leonora has never shewn the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful, she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself: but suppose—suppose—by the rood and St. Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief; a woman's not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in; fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there is a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee; I will wait till the Negro returns with provisions, he is gone to purchase; and clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key they are under in my pocket.

SCENE VI.

DON DIEGO, MUNGO *with a Hamper.*

Mung. Go, get you down, you damn hamper, you carry me now. Curſe my old Maſſa, ſending me always here and dere for one ſomething to make me tire like a mule—curſe him imperance—and him damn inſurance.

Dieg. How now.

Mung. Ah, Maſſa, bleſs your heart.

Dieg. What's that you are muttering, Sirrah?

Mung. Noting, Maſſa, only me ſay, you very good Maſſa.

Dieg. What do you leave your load down there for?

Mung. Maſſa, me lily tire.

Dieg. Take it up raſcal.

Mung. Yes, bleſs your heart, Maſſa.

Dieg. No, lay it down: now I think on't, come hither.

Mung. What you ſay, Maſſa?

Dieg. Can you be honeſt?

Mung. Me no ſavee, Maſſa, you never ax me before.

Dieg. Can you tell truth?

Mung. What you give me, Maſſa?

Dieg. There's a piſtreen for you; now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my houſe?

Mung Ah, Maſſa, a damn deal.

Dieg. How! that I'm a ſtranger to?

Mungo. No, Maſſa, you lick me every day with your rattan: I'm ſure, Maſſa, that's miſchief enough for poor Neger man.

Dieg. So, ſo.

Mung. La, Maſſa, how could you have a heart to lick poor Neger man, as you lick me laſt Thurſday?

Dieg. If you have not a mind I ſhould chaſtiſe you now, hold your tongue.

Mung. Yes, Maſſa, if you no lick me again.

Dieg. Liſten to me, I ſay.

Mung. You know, Maſſa, me very good ſervant.

Dieg.

Dieg. Then you will go on?

Mung. And ought to be uſe kine———

Dieg. If you utter another ſyllable———

Mung. And I'm ſure, Maſſa, you can't deny but I worky worky—I dreſs a victuals, and run a errands, and waſh a houſe, and make a beds, and ſcrub a ſhoes, and wait a table———

Dieg. Take that—Now will you liſten to me?

Mung. La, Maſſa, if ever I ſaw———

Dieg. I am going abroad, and ſhall not return till to-morrow morning. During this night I charge you not to ſleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the leaſt noiſe you may alarm the family.

Mung. So I muſt be ſtay in a cold all night, and have no ſleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and raſcal, to tempt me.

Dieg. Stay here, perverſe animal, and take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and ſhall be out again in a moment.

Mung. Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better that's ſhelter'd and fe!:
Night and day 'tis de ſame,
My pain is dere game:
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black muſt run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah come, Sirrah go,
Do ſo, and do ſo.
Oh! oh!
Me wiſh to de Lord me was dead.

SCENE VII.

DON DIEGO *having entered the Houſe during the Song, returns with* URSULA, *who, after the Negro goes in, appears to bolt the Door on the inſide: Then* DON DIEGO, *unſeen by them, puts on a large Padlock and goes off. After which* LEANDER *enters diſguiſed, and* Mungo *comes to the Grate.*

Leand. So,—my old Argos is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my deſign as I could wiſh. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he is within hearing of my guitar, I am ſure he will quickly make his appearance.

Mung. Who goes dere?—Hip, hollo!

Leand. Heaven bleſs you my worthy maſter, will your worſhip's honour have a little muſic this evening; and I have got a delicious bottle of cordial here, given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will pleaſe to taſte it.

Mung. Give me a ſup troo a grate; come cloſee man, don't be fear, old Maſſa gone out, as I ſay laſt night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trikes mooſic, and give us ſong.

Leand. I'll give your worſhip a ſong I learn'd in Barbary when I was a ſlave among the Moors.

Mung. Ay, do.

Leand. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdalah Mahomet Scah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Chriſtian ſlave named Jezabel, who not conſenting to his beaſtly deſires, he draws out his ſabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he ſays to her [*ſings and plays.*] Now you ſhall hear the ſlave's anſwer [*ſings and plays again.*] Now you ſhall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair ſlave's head, [*ſings and plays again.*] Now you ſhall hear——

Mung. What ſignify me hear?—Me no underſtand.

Leand. Oh, you want ſomething you underſtand? If your honour had ſaid that——

[SCENE

SCENE VIII.

LEANDER, MUNGO, URSULA *above.*

Urſ. Mungo! Mungo!

Mung. Some one call dere——

Urſ. Mungo I ſay.

Mung. What devil you want?

Urſ. What lewd noiſe is that?

Mung. Lewd you ſelf, no lewd here; play away, never mind her.

Urſ. I ſhall come down if you go on.

Mung. Ay, come along, more merrier; noting here but poor man, he ſing for bit of bread.

Urſ. I'll have no poor man near our door: Hark'e fellow, can you play the Forſaken Maid's Delight, or Black Beſs of Caſtile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me ſing when I was young——

Mung. Gad, I'm ſure, I hear you voice often enough now you old.

Urſ. I could quaver like any black-bird.

Mung. Come, throw a poor ſoul a penny, he play a tune for you.

Urſ. How did you looſe the uſe of your leg?

Leand. In the wars my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary corſair, and carried into Sallee, where I lived eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the roots of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a ſlave: he gave me the ſtrappado on my ſhoulders, and the baſtinado on the ſoles of my feet: now this infidel Turk had fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urſ. Then he was an unreaſonable villain.

SCENE IX.

LEANDER, MUNGO, URSULA, LEONORA *above*.

Leon. Urſula!

Urſ. Od's my life, what's here to do! Go back, go back; fine work we ſhall have indeed; good man, good bye.

Leon. I could not ſtay any longer by myſelf; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Leand. Do, worthy madam, let the young gentlewoman ſtay, I'll play her a love ſong for nothing.

Urſ. No, no, none of your love ſongs here; if you could play a ſaraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion———

Leand. I am but a poor man, but if your ladyſhip will let me in as far as the hall, or the kitchen, you may all dance, and I ſhan't aſk any thing.

Urſ. Why, if it was not on my maſter's account, I ſhould think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

Mung. Do, and let us dance.

Leand. Has madam the keys then?

Urſ. Yes, yes, I have the keys.

Leand. Have you the key of this padlock too, madam? Here's a padlock upon the door, Heaven help us, large enough for a ſtate priſon.

Urſ. Eh,—how—what, a padlock!

Mung. Here it is, I feel it, adod it's a tumper.

Urſ. He was afraid to truſt me then———

Mung. And if de houſe was a fire, we none of us get out to ſave ourſelves.

Leand. Well, madam, not to diſappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outſide of it, if you can let me down on the other.

Urſ. Do you think you could with your lame leg?

Leand. O yes, madam, I'm very ſure.

Urſ. Then, by my faith, you ſhall; for now I am ſet on't——A padlock! Mungo come with me into the garden.

SCENE

SCENE X.

MUNGO *and* URSULA *going off*, LEANDER *and* LEONORA *are left together. The firſt Part of the Quintetto is ſung by them in Duet; then* MUNGO *and* URSULA *return one after another, to the ſtations they had quitted.*

Leon. Pray let me go with you.

Leand. Stay, charming creature: why will you fly the youth that adores you?

Leon. Oh, Lord! I'm frighted out of my wits!

Leand. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has ſo often met you at church? I am that pilgrim; one who would change ſhapes as often as Proteus, to be bleſs'd with a ſight of you.

O thou whoſe charms enſlave my heart!
In pity hear a youth complain:
Leon. I muſt not hear—dear youth depart—
I'm certain I have no deſert,
A gentleman like you to gain.
Leand. Then do I ſeek your love in vain?
Leon. It is another's right;
Leand. ——————And he,
Diſtracting thought! muſt happy be
While I am doom'd to pain.
Urſ. Come round, young man, I've been to try.
Mung. And ſo have I.
A. 2. I'm ſure the wall is not too high.
If you pleaſe,
You'll mount with eaſe.
Leand. Can you to aid my bliſs deny?
Shall it be ſo?
If you ſay no,
I will not go.

Leon.

Leon. I muſt conſent, however loath:
But when ever we deſire,
Make him promiſe to retire.

Urſ. Nay, marry, he ſhall take his oath.

Leand. By your eyes, of heavenly blue;
By your lips ambroſial dew;
Your cheeks, where roſe and lilly blend;
Your voice, the muſic of the ſpheres——

Mung. Lord o'mercy how he ſwears!
He makes my hairs
All ſtand an end!

Urſ. Come, that's enough, aſcend, aſcend.

A 4. Let's be happy while we may:
Now the old one's far away,
Laugh, and ſing, and dance and play;
Harmleſs pleaſure, why delay?

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in DON DIEGO'S *Houſe, with Folding doors which open in the Back Scene. On one Side a Stair-caſe, leading to an Apartment, by which the Actors paſs up and down; on the other a Door leading to a Cellar, which is ſo contrived that a Bottle and Glaſs, two Candles, a Guitar, and* LEANDER'S *Diſguiſe, may be placed upon it.* LEANDER *enters in a rich Habit, following* URSULA.

Urſ. OH! ſhame; out upon't, Sir, talk to me no more; I that have been fam'd throughout all Spain, as I may ſay, for virtue and diſcretion; the very flower and quint-eſſance of duenna's; you have caſt a blot upon me; a blot upon my reputation that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I ſhall be revil'd, pointed at; nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Leand. What filthy names will they call you?

Urſ. They'll ſay I'm an old procureſs.

Leand. Fye, fye, men know better things—beſides, tho' I have got admittance into your houſe, be aſſured I ſhall commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiſcretion, let love be my excuſe.

Urſ. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Leand. You, my ſweet Urſula, have known what it is to be in love; and, I warrant, have had admirers often at your feet; your eyes ſtill retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urſ. They tell you no lie; for, to be ſure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly ſought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me; one Joſeph Perez, a taylor by trade; of the greyhound make, lank; and if my memory fail me not, his right ſhoulder

about the breadth of my hand higher than his left; but he was upright as an arrow; and, by all accounts, one of the fineſt workmen at a button-hole.

Leand. But where is Leonora?

Urſ. Where is ſhe! by my troth I have ſhut her up in her chamber, under three bolts, and a double lock.

Leand. And will you not bring us together?

Urſ. Who I!—How can you aſk me ſuch a queſtion? Really, Sir, I take it extremely unkind.

Leand. Well, but you miſapprehend——

Urſ. I told you juſt now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me ſick; and ſo it has, turn'd me upſide down as it were.

Leand. Indeed, my beſt friend——

Urſ. Oh, oh, hold me, or I ſhall fall.

Leand. I will hold you.

Urſ. And do you feel any compaſſion for me?

Leand. I do.

Urſ. Why, truly, you have a great deal to anſwer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o'day. I'm ſure they are the firſt I have ſhed ſince my poor, dear huſband's death.

Leand. Nay, don't think of that now.

Urſ. For you muſt underſtand, Sir, to play a trick upon a grave diſcreet matron—And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you ſhould love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the ſweeteſt conditioned ſouls that ever I was acquainted with; and, between ourſelves, our Donn-ee is too old for ſuch a babe.

Leand. Urſula, take this gold.

Urſ. For what, Sir?

Leand. Only for the love of me.

Urſ. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuſe it, for I love you I aſſure you; you put me ſo much in mind of my poor dear huſband; he was a handſome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigneſs of a hazel-nut; but, I muſt ſay, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

Leand. The old beldam grows amorous——

Urſ. Lord love you, you're a well-looking young man.

Leand.

Leand. But Leonora——

Urſ. Ha! ha! ha! but to pretend you were lame—I never ſaw a finer leg in my life.

Leand. Leonora!

Urſ. Well, Sir, I'm going.

Leand. I ſhall never get rid of her.

Urſ. Sir——

Leand. How now?

Urſ. Would you be ſo kind, Sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a ſalute?

Leand. Ugh!

Urſ. Gad-a-mercy, your cheek—Well, well, I have ſeen the day, but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, Sir, you might have had the politeneſs when a gentlewoman made the offer——But Heav'n bleſs you.

When a woman's front is wrinkled,
And her hairs are ſprinkled
With grey,
Lackaday!
How her lovers fall away!

Like faſhions paſt,
Aſide ſhe's caſt,
No one reſpect will pay:
Remember,
Laſſes, remember,
And while the ſun ſhines make hay;
You muſt not expect in December
The flowers you gather'd in May.

SCENE II.

LEANDER, MUNGO.

Mung. Ah! Maſſa—You brave Maſſa now, what you do here wid de old woman?

Leand. Where is your young miſtreſs, Mungo?

Mung. By Gog ſhe lock her up. But why you no tell me before time, you a gentleman?

Leand. Sure I have not given the purſe for nothing.

Mung. Purſe!—what, you giving her money den?—curſe her impurance, why you no give it me—you give me ſomething as well as ſhe. You know, Maſſa, you ſee me firſt.

Leand. There, there—are you content?

Mung. Me get ſupper ready, and now me go to de cellar—But I ſay, Maſſa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts, and him bars, him walls, and him padlock.

Leand. Hiſt! Leonora comes.

Mung. But, Maſſa, you ſay you teach me play:

Let me, when my heart a ſinking,
Hear de ſweet guittar a clinking;
When a ſtring ſpeak,
Such mooſic he make,
Me ſoon am cur'd of tinking.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,
Of a merry flute,
And cymbalo
And tymbalo,
To boot,
We dance and we ſing,
Till we make a houſe ring,
And tyed in his garters, old Maſſa may ſwing.

SCENE III.

LEANDER, LEONORA, URSULA.

Leand. Oh, charming Leonora, how ſhall I expreſs the rapture of my heart upon this occaſion? I almoſt doubt the kindneſs of that chance which has brought me thus happily to ſee, to ſpeak to you, without reſtraint.

Urſ. Well, but it muſt not be without reſtraint; it can't be without reſtraint; it can't by my faith;—— now you are going to make me ſick again.

Leon. La, Urſula, I durſt to ſay, the gentleman doesn't want to do me any harm—Do you, Sir? I'm ſure I would not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's elſe, for the lucre of the whole world.

Urſ. Come, Sir, where is your lute? You ſhall ſee me dance a ſaraband; or, if you'd rather have a ſong —or the child and I will move a minuet, if you chuſe grace before agility.

Leand. This fulſome harridan——

Leon. I don't know what's come over her, Sir! I never ſaw the like of her ſince I was born.

Leand. I wiſh ſhe was at the devil.

Leon. Urſula, what's the matter with you?

Urſ. What's the matter with me! Marry come up, what's the matter with you? Signor Diego can't ſhew ſuch a ſhape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to ſee a young fellow with a well made leg.

Leand. Pr'ythee let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know how to do it, Sir.

Leand. Nothing more eaſy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moon-light; take an opportunity to follow me there: I ſwear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Lean. No, Sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman ſuch as you are; and that have taken ſo much pains

pains to come after me; and I ſhould hold myſelf very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you, in a civil way.

Leand. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my beſt endeavours, Sir.

Leand. And may I hope that you love me?

Leon. I don't know; as to that I can't ſay.

Urſ. Come, come, what colloguing's here; I muſt ſee how things are going forward; beſides, Sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and whiſpering before company.

Leand. Pſha!

Urſ. Ay, you may ſay your pleaſure, Sir, but I'm ſure what I ſay is the right thing; I ſhould hardly chuſe to venture in a corner with you myſelf; nay, I would not do it, I proteſt and vow.

Leand. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon the bleſſing of your good opinion; do you deſire to put an end to my days?

Lean. No, indeed, indeed I don't.

Leand. But then——

In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your ſmiles, your wiſhes give,
To him who muſt without you die.

Shut from the ſun's enlivening beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their ſcent and hue;
Its ſource dry'd up, bid flow the ſtream,
And me exiſt, depriv'd of you.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

LEONORA, URSULA.

Urſ. Let me ſit down a little: come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice, therefore liſten to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urſ. What then——Marry, then you muſt mind what I ſay to you——as I ſaid before—— but I ſay—what was I ſaying?

Leon. I'm ſure I don't know.

Urſ. You ſee the young man that is gone out there; he has been telling me, that he's dying for love of you; can you find in your heart to let him expire?

Leon. I'm ſure I won't do any thing bad.

Urſ. Why that's right; you learned that from me; have I not ſaid to you a thouſand times, never do any thing bad? have not I ſaid it? anſwer me that.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urſ. Very well, liſten to me; your guardian is old and ugly, and jealous, and yet he may live longer than a better man.

Leon. He has been very kind to me, for all that, Urſula, and I ought to ſtrive to pleaſe him.

Urſ. There again; have not I ſaid to you a thouſand times, that he was very kind to you, and you ought to ſtrive to pleaſe him? It would be a hard thing to be preaching from morning till night without any profit.

Leon. Well, Urſula, after all, I wiſh this gentleman had never got into the houſe; Heaven ſend no ill comes of it.

Urſ. Ay, I ſay ſo too; Heaven ſend it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how ſhall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inſide of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urſ.

Urſ. No, by my conſcience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twiſt them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the beſt I expect, is to end my old days in a priſon.

Leon. You don't ſay ſo?

Urſ. I do indeed: and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promiſed to go to him into the garden.

Urſ. Nay, you may do any thing now, for we are undone; though I think, if you could perſuade him to get up the chimney, and ſtay on the roof of the houſe till to-morrow night, we might then ſteal the keys from your guardian; but I'm afraid you won't be able to perſuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urſ. Find him out, while I ſtep up ſtairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Urſula.

Urſ. I will, if I poſſibly can.

Leon. Oh me, oh me, what ſhall we do!
The fault is all along of you:
You brought him in, why did you ſo?
'Twas not by my deſire you know.

We have but too much cauſe to fear,
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all; indeed he will.
No penitence will pard'n procure,
He'll kill us ev'ry ſoul I'm ſure.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter DON DIEGO, *groping his Way, with the Padlock in his Hand.*

Dieg. All dark, all quiet; gone to bed, and faſt aſleep I warrant them; however, I am not ſorry that I altered my firſt intention of ſtaying out the whole night; and meeting Leonara's father on the road, was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not diſturb them; but ſince I have let myſelf in with my maſter-key, go ſoftly to bed; I ſhall be able to ſtrike a light; and then I think I may ſay my cares are over.

Good Heavens! what a wonderful deal of uneaſineſs may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are ſome men who would have gone out in my ſituation; and, truſting to the goodneſs of fortune, left their houſe and their honour in the care of an unexperienced girl, or the diſcretion of a mercenary ſervant. While he is abroad, he is tormented with fears and jealouſies; and when he returns home, he probably finds diſorder; and, perhaps, ſhame. But what do I do——I put a padlock on my door, and all is ſafe.

SCENE VI.

DON DIEGO, MUNGO *from the Cellar, with a Flaſk in one Hand, and a Candle in the other.*

Mung. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Dieg. Hold, didn't I hear a noiſe!

Mung. Hola.

Dieg. Heaven and earth! what do I ſee!

Mung. Where are you, young Maſſa, and Miſſy? Here wine for ſupper.

Dieg. I'm thunder-ſtruck!

Mung. My old Maſſa little tink we be ſo merry—hic—he—What's the matter with me, the room turn round.

Dieg. Wretch do you know me?

Mung. Know you——damn you.

Dieg. Horrid creature!——what makes you here at this time of night; is it with a deſign to ſurprize the innocents in their beds, and murder them ſleeping?

Mung Huſh, huſh—make no noiſe——hic——hic.

Dieg. The ſlave is intoxicated.

Mung. Make no noiſe, I ſay; deres young gentleman wid young lady; he play on guittar, and ſhe like him better dan ſhe like you. Fal, la!, lal.

Dieg. Monſter, I'll make an example of you.

Mung. What you call me names for, you old dog?

Dieg. Does the villain dare to lift his hand againſt me!

Mung. Will you fight?

Dieg. He's mad.

Mung. Deres one in de houſe you little tink. Gad, he do your buſineſs.

Dieg. Go, lye down in your ſtye and ſleep.

Mung. Sleep! ſleep yourſelf; you drunk—ha! ha! ha! Look, a padlock; you put a padlock on a dore again, will you?——Ha! ha! ha!

Dieg. Dind't I hear muſic?

Mung. Hic——hic——

Dieg.

Dieg. Was it not the ſound of a guitar?

Mung. Yes, he play on the guittar rarely—Give me hand; you're old raſcal——an't you?

Dieg. What dreadful ſhock effects me! I'm in a cold ſweat; a miſt comes over my eyes; and my knees knock together, as if I had got a fit of the ſhaking palſey.

Mung. I tell you a word in your ear.

Dieg. Has any ſtranger broke into my houſe?

Mung. Yes, by———hic——a fine young gentleman, he now in a next room with miſſy.

Dieg. Holy St. Frances! is it poſſible?

Mung. Go you round ſoftly——you catch them togeder.

Dieg. Confuſion! diſtraction! I ſhall run mad.

O wherefore this terrible flurry!
My ſpirits are all in a hurry!
And above, and below,
From my top to my toe,
Are running about hurry ſcurry.

My heart in my boſom a bumping,
Goes thumping,
And jumping,
And thumping:
Is't a ſpectre I ſee!
Hence, vaniſh—Ah me!
My ſenſes deceive me;
Soon reaſon will leave me:
What a wretch am I deſtin'd to be!

SCENE VII.

MUNGO, URSULA, LEANDER, LEONORA.

Urſ. O ſhame, monſtrous; you drunken ſwab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

Mung. Let me put my hands about you neck.

Urſ. Oh, I ſhall be ruined! Help, help, ruin, ruin!

Leon. Goodneſs me, what's the matter?

Urſ. O, dear child, this black villain has frighten'd me out of my wits; he has wanted——

Mung. Me, curſe a heart, I want noting wid her—what ſhe ſay I want for——

Leon. Urſula, the gentleman ſays he has ſome friends waiting for him at the other ſide of the garden-wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

Leand. Then muſt I go?
Leon. Yes, good Sir, yes.
Leand. A parting kiſs!
Leon. No, good Sir, no.
Leand. It muſt be ſo.
By this, and this,
Here I could for ever grow.
'Tis more than mortal bliſs.
Leon. Well, now good-night;
Pray eaſe our fright.
You're very bold, Sir;
Let looſe your hold, Sir;
I think you want to ſcare me quite.
Leand. Oh Fortune's ſpight!
Leon. Good night, good night,

A 2. Hark! the neighb'ring convent's bell,
Tolls the veſper hour tell;
The clock now chimes;
A thouſand times,
A thouſand times, farewell.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

DON DIEGO, LEONORA, LEANDER, URSULA, MUNGO.

Diego. Stay, Sir, let nobody go out of the room.

Urſ. [*falling down*] Ah! ah! a ghoſt! a ghoſt!

Dieg. Woman ſtand up.

Urſ. I wont, I wont: murder: don't touch me.

Dieg. Leonora what am I to think of this?

Leon. Oh, dear Sir, don't kill me.

Dieg. Young man, who are you, who have thus clandeſtinely, at an unſeaſonable hour, broke into my houſe? Am I to conſider you as a robber, or how?

Leand. As of one whom love has made indiſcreet; of one whom love taught induſtry and art to compaſs his deſigns. I love the beautiful Leonora, and ſhe me; but, farther than what you hear and ſee, neither one nor the other have been culpable.

Mung. Hear him, hear him.

Leand. Don Diego, you know my father well; Don Alphonſo de Luna; I am a ſcholar of this univerſity, and am willing to ſubmit to whatever puniſhment he, through your means, ſhall inflict; but wreak not your vengeance here.

Dieg. Thus then my hopes and cares are at once fruſtrated; poſſeſs'd of what I thought a jewel, I was deſirous to keep it for myſelf; I rais'd up the walls of this houſe to a great height; I bar'd up my windows towards the ſtreet; I put double bolts on my doors; I baniſh'd all that had the ſhadow of man, or male kind; and I ſtood continually centinel over it myſelf, to guard my ſuſpicion from ſurprize: thus ſecur'd, I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment——

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the ſtory, and you'll find I am not to blame.

Dieg. No, child, I only am to blame, who ſhould have conſidered that ſixteen and ſixty agree ill together.

But,

But, tho' I was too old to be wiſe, I am not too old to learn; and ſo, I ſay, ſend for a ſmith directly, beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egreſs and regreſs be given freely.

Leon. And will you be my huſband, Sir?

Dieg. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better huſband: here, young man, take her; if your parents conſent, to-morrow ſhall ſee you join'd in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promiſed her, in caſe of failure on my ſide of the contract, ſhall now go with her as a marriage portion.

Leand. Signior, this is ſo generous———

Dieg. No thanks, perhaps I owe acknowledgements to you: but you, Urſula, have no excuſe, no paſſion to plead, and your age ſhould have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns, but never let me ſee you more.

Mung. And what you give me, Maſſa?

Dieg. Baſtanadoes for your drunkenneſs and infidelity. Call in my neighbours and friends. Oh, man! man! how ſhort is your foreſight; how ineffectual your prudence; while the very means you uſe are deſtructive of your ends!

Go forge me fetters that ſhall bind
The rage of the tempeſtuous wind;
Sound with a needle full of thread
The depth of Ocean's ſteepy bed;
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
Quench Etna with a cup of tea;
In theſe manœuvres ſhew your ſkill,
Then hold a woman if you will.

Urſ. Permit me to put in a word:
My maſter here is quite abſurd:
That men ſhould rule our ſex is meet,
But art, not force, muſt do the feat.
Remember what the fable ſays:
Where the ſun's warm and melting rays,
Soon bring about what wind and rain,
With all their ſuſs, attempt in vain.

Mung.

Mung. And, Maſſa, be not angry pray,
If Neger man a word ſhould ſay;
Me have a fable pät as ſhe,
Which wid dis matter will agree:
An owl once took it in his head,
Wid ſome young pretty bird to wed;
But when his worſhip came to woo,
He could get none but de cuckoo.

Leon. Ye youth ſelect, who wiſh to taſte
The joys of wedlock pure and chaſte,
Ne'er let the miſtreſs and the friend,
In abject ſlave, and tyrant, end.
While each with tender paſſion burns,
Aſcend the throne of rule by turns;
And place (to love, to virtue juſt)
Security in mutual truſt.

Leand. To ſum up all you now have heard,
Young men, and old, peruſe the bard;
A female truſted to your care,
His rule is pithy, ſhort, and clear,
Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock on her mind.

END OF THE OPERA.

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